

The Critic

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The New Fifth Avenue.

A CHANGE has come over the shabby brown-stone street we used, ten years ago, to consider aristocratic. Its interminable double file of rectangular 'fronts,' whose very dullness is a sham and a fraud long persisted in because it was thought respectable, is now broken by many examples of a better style of building.

The late Mr. A. T. Stewart's ornate marble residence first demonstrated, to the surprise of many, that it was possible to be respectable in something other than brown-stone. And Mrs. Stevens's neat little French château in brick, mote and all complete, was hailed as showing that a degree of reason and even of taste was allowable. Its architect, Mr. Hunt, however, though a bold man, did not dare at that time to discard established vulgarisms entirely, and was altogether too liberal with his brown-stone trimmings, carved as brown-stone is apt to be, if at all, without taste or skill; for no good sculptor will, of choice, work in such a rotten material. While he was preparing for a more ambitious flight, the Union League Club determined to give itself a new home, and commenced the erection of a sky-reaching structure on the summit of Murray Hill, with mansards and dormers and tall chimneys galore. Half way down the incline a sturdy building, with a basement all sculptured with shells and seaweed, and redolent of Venice, has just sprung up to remind us that New York is also a seaport, and that her merchant princes and their widows are rich enough to pay for fine houses when they can get architects to build them. At this moment two or three other residences, elaborate and costly and each in a different style, are being prepared for certain members of another of our millionaire families. If the work goes on, it seems evident that we will have in a very few years a street more picturesque and varied than the Rue des Nations at the Paris Exposition. What with the minarets of the Jewish Synagogue, the Gothic spires of the Catholic Cathedral, the Egyptian portal of the Reservoir, the Paladian Lenox Library, and all styles and periods of Italian and French and 'Queen Anne' renaissance, stretching as far as the eye can reach, the doubt arises whether we may not, before long, have a surfeit of good things, and wish for a little plain neutrality, even if it should take the guise of dullness. It already appears as if our architects did not know of any one style which would suit the needs of people living in this city. In all other periods of great building activity, people knew pretty well what they wanted, not only as regarded internal arrangement, but as to external appearance as well; so that, up to the present, each such period had its distinguishing style, good or bad. There is even now a general accord as to what constitutes comfort and utility, and in the mechanical parts of their work architects of repute display no more variety than should be looked for. But to all questions of taste each appears anxious to give a different answer, and substantially the same construction is clothed with forms so varied that some of them at least must be ridiculously inappropriate.

This is not the worst that can be said of the present architectural movement. Such buildings as those we have enumerated are still too far apart to be more than pleasant interruptions of the dreary wilderness of commonplace houses in which they stand, and the time may never come, though it seems to be coming, when they will be disagreeably close to one another. Such architects as Mr. Post and Mr. White and Messrs. Bigelow, Robertson, Babb, etc., know too well their models, the European or old colonial buildings which they imitate, to bring together features of different styles without at least some attempt at an imaginative fusing of these refractory elements. But in the rabble of private residences which is beginning to line the upper part of Fifth Avenue fronting the Park, and all through that neighborhood, and down town wherever building is going on, there are scores of new houses which look as though they were intended to be epitomes of all the architectural prejudices or fancies which are being carried out separately in the better class of buildings. The same spirit of tasteless and unreasoning eclecticism prevails in the interior decorations even of the latter, to an extent that would hardly be imagined from their exteriors. The architect, who insists on governing the appearance of the outside, surrenders the interior to a horde of decorators usually of so slight reputation that anything good which they may do will be credited to him, while they serve as convenient scape-goats on whom to lay the blame of his shortcomings. Another reason of this apathy about the interiors is, of course, that very few people see them; but all the more on that account do they furnish a better index of the state of public taste that tolerates them than do the exteriors of the same buildings. To begin with the Union League Club house: The halls and stair-way were intrusted to one decorator, the library to another, the large dining-room to a third, and the theatre and reception-room, etc., to a fourth. Not the least care was taken that these gentlemen should work in harmony, and the consequence is that the Club has a pseudo-Greek library, a Numidian hall and staircase, a more or less Elizabethan dining-room, and a nondescript theatre, rating from bad to good judged separately, but decidedly bad when considered together as parts of a single building. Mr. Post has committed the same blunder, though not in so gigantic a way, in apportioning the interior of the house which he is building for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt among half a dozen artists and upholsterers. Mr. La Farge and Mr. St. Gaudens are sure to work well together; but the same cannot be said of Mr. Tiffany; and any one of these must be wholly incongruous with the remaining parties concerned, or to be concerned. This, however, is the common practice in the case of buildings large enough to admit of it, and the exceptions are not for the better. The taste for variegated decoration has been so pampered by this practice that when it is departed from the one decorator hired is pretty sure to be among the worst of his class, and to combine in himself the faults of half-a dozen.

But happily there is no dearth of better omens. Signs are not wanting that our architects and decorators are rapidly coalescing into sects or schools, each under the influence of two or three men of exceptional talent. Mr. Tiffany has his band of Associated Artists. Mr. White has found comrades worthy of him in Mr. Babb and others. Mr. La Farge and Mr. St. Gaudens are not less lucky in being constantly thrown together. All show a strong tendency to combine, to recognize a common standard of good workmanship and good taste, to which even such self-reliant people as Mr. Hunt will ultimately, perhaps, subscribe. There are visible grounds for believing in such a consummation. Mr. Tiffany, who started out with a barbaric disregard of form and a love for everything *baroque* and outlandish, has been charmed into making very beautiful renaissance windows, some of which may be seen in a house in Fifty-fifth Street, very near Fifth Avenue. Mr. La Farge always affected the renaissance in its completest state, and the carved and inlaid ceiling which he is making for one of the Vanderbilts, and the stained-glass windows which he has lately completed for another member of that family, show that he has not forsaken his old love. Mr. White has in a measure dropped the Queen Anne. Two of the houses which

we have mentioned, one in Fifth avenue and one in Fifty-fifth Street, of which he is the architect, demonstrate a growing feeling for a finer style. Lastly, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Post have perhaps more nearly hit the mark in choosing the French renaissance for naturalization in this country. The exterior of the house which the former is building at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street is in many ways the most remarkable of all the buildings now in course of construction. It is remarkable for its material—white marble—for the profusion of carvings with which it is covered, and for the style of which it is an adaptation. The renaissance had its true home in Central and Southern France; for the Italians never quite lost the traditions of the classic styles; but in France, where for a long period Gothic had reigned supreme, an attempt was possible to foist upon it the grace and magnificence of Greece and Rome. The style thus evolved—plastic, insequent, accommodating, capable of carrying almost endless ornament—should be exactly fitted to meet the requirements of a rich New Yorker. Being based upon the Gothic, the modern systems of construction should not be alien to it. And being in all its ornament quite illogical and fantastic, a little added show necessary to cover up unsightly modern innovations, such as iron beams and girders, ought not to matter. In Mr. Post's building tremendous carved wooden casings, apparently capable of supporting easily the entire weight of the roof above them, really only disguise the iron construction and support the decorated panels of the ceiling. Not far away, Mr. Babb, who is supposed to be almost romantically studious of construction, has indulged in a vaulted ceiling, which is merely wood and plaster, hung in some manner from the flat construction above, which is thus completely belied by its mask. This is all right. But in Mr. Hunt's building, the flying buttresses, which thrust against nothing, on either side of the dormer window, are all wrong. It is hard to set the limit where deception must cease. The fact is, the style at its height requires in whoever would essay it a constantly active imagination, which alone is capable of solving all such problems as they arise. With this our architects may indeed do wonders in early renaissance; without it they can do nothing. Its presence is the true explanation of the success of some of them, and its absence is the cause of the failure of others, who are nevertheless very good workmen in their way. But there are forms of renaissance which, as we all know but too well, are capable of being treated in the most prosaic manner. Considering the requirements of our people, the capabilities of our architects, and the elasticity of the style, it is pretty evident that it will maintain its hold, and that, if a new style is to be developed among us within the next half-century, it will be simply some novel variety of renaissance. Theorists may prefer the Gothic, or may look forward to a wholly new architecture, based upon the results of modern engineering; but Gothic is not fit for private dwellings, nor for the sort of public buildings that we most need; and the forms of modern engineering are too coarse and rude to satisfy the eye. It is a gross and uninquiring mind that is satisfied with them at all. An ordinary mechanic will so subtly shape his tool for use that it will become beautiful; but none of our engineers can tell us, for example, what the exact cross-section of an iron beam should be to support a given weight in a given position, so that, admitting that beauty should result from exquisite construction, we are without the data necessary for the latter. It will be many a year yet before we can have a new construction architecture.

All signs seem to point, then, to a continuance of the present fashion, so far as it is in favor of some form of renaissance, and it does not seem too much to hope that a particular form, especially adapted to our ideas and ways of living, will speedily be evolved. There are not very many more citizens able to spend from half a million to a million in housing themselves and their children, and when our foremost architects will have to seek the services of less opulent people, they will find themselves still confronted by the same problems of hygiene and construction as now, with much smaller opportunities for solving them and increased need for hammering some-

thing beautiful out of them, or finding the readiest and simplest means of covering up the ugliness they are apt to lead to. Such a programme is entirely within the lines of the renaissance; but the conditions being new, the form must also be new. We may expect to see within the next decade, if some check is not given to our prosperity, a Fifth avenue which for the whole of its upper portion will be composed of dwellings both comfortable to live in and agreeable to look upon, bearing a fresh stamp of the time, but continuing the tradition of former styles, and making no definite break with anything in the past but its stupidity and vulgarity. In the meantime we may congratulate ourselves on the number of private houses which are finer than we have been used to see, and also on the fact that these are built to stay, while the multitude of æsthetic shams that have sprung up with them are doomed to a speedy disappearance.

ORIEL.

Literature

Mrs. Oliphant's "Literary History."*

THERE is just now a passion for personal gossip about distinguished people. In England, if it refers to the living, it takes the form of anecdotic sketches called by such names as 'Celebrities at Home,' and if it refers to the dead, it takes the form of a series of literary primers. Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, has combined a number of sketches of the latter class under a very high-sounding name. She gossips about a group of English writers of whom Cowper may be called the first and Moore the last. Viewed as an historian she has innumerable defects. She has neither breadth nor depth; she is not an original thinker, nor has her style any elevation. Beside the brilliant and scholarly work of M. Taine her book is, indeed, almost puerile. But on the other hand Mrs. Oliphant has qualities which M. Taine cannot supply. She is more human. Her knowledge of men and women is unattainable by a student of pictures and books. Her long experience in novel-writing has qualified her to portray the personality of other authors far more accurately and in far more interesting style than it could be portrayed by one who prefers to construct the writer from his books. She is a talker, not a biographer. As a Johnson she has no rank among the historians of literature; as a Boswell, she is admirable.

Her essay on Cowper thus concludes: 'He broke the spell of Pope and opened the way to Wordsworth, and all the singers that were being born, while he languished and agonized. The world would have been a different world for them if Cowper had not been.' These are pregnant words, and it would at least be expected that the writer should show in what way Cowper was the pioneer of a new school. But Mrs. Oliphant knows that this would take her out of her depth. It would convey her into the domain of literary criticism from which she shrinks. So she prefers to tell the story of Cowper's life as though he were the central figure of a novel, discussing with feminine minuteness his relations with Lady Austen and Lady Hesketh, reviving the gossip of the Olney tea-tables, discussing the mild diversions, the sentimental passages with Mrs. Unwin, into which the recluse strayed from 'The Task,' 'The Tirocinium,' or the translation of Homer. And although Mrs. Oliphant occasionally indulges in critical remarks—such as 'We have said that Cowper was no creator,' or 'No theory ever is so persistent, so profoundly rooted in human nature as to form part of movements differing in every other respect, without having a foundation of truth and justice which is unassailable yet'—the comments are merely those which might be expected from any cultivated woman, and the reader gladly returns to Cowper and his table-talk, his letters, his poems, and the final tragedy of his life.

As a good Scotchwoman Mrs. Oliphant would naturally like Burns; as a good moralist she would naturally have a distaste for him; and it is curious to see her struggling between national pride and social prejudice. With Crabbe, in his parsonage, the author of the 'Chronicles of Carlingford' is quite at home; and if she marks his points of resemblance to Pope, she also notes every darn in his worsted stockings. She is also perfectly familiar with the Lichfield coterie, which tried to acclimatize the French salon, with Miss Seward for its Queen, and Dr. Darwin for its Lord High Chamberlain. With the Lake poets she is in sympathy, exaggerating perhaps the influence of Coleridge and justly setting a very light estimate on the influence of Southey. In that curious pedant, Walter Savage Landor, she sees a mixture of 'braggadocio, vanity, generosity, and extravagance,' gentle Lamb attracts her; in praise of Scott she pours out her full heart; in contempt of 'Don Juan' she revives all the foolish epithets of disgust which Byron's contemporaries showered upon it; and for describing the quarrels of authors, the foundation of the *Edinburgh*

*The Literary History of England, in the end of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. \$3. London and New York: Macmillan.

Review, the introduction of slashing criticism, the formation of literary cliques, the ways of 'the Cockney school,' of Holland House, of *Blackwood's Magazine* and *Fraser*, she has the partiality that might be expected from a woman-of-letters. Indeed, the interest of her History ranks above that of any of her novels, and if the reader would quickly judge of her method, its merits and defects, he may be referred to her chapter on the three female novelists, Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, and Susan Ferrier.

"John Quincy Adams." *

THIS biography of Mr. Adams is so well done that to read it is an absorbing pleasure. The subject, moreover, is of unusual interest, and of unusual historical importance. One familiar with the whole career of John Quincy Adams may feel sure that he has gained a fairly accurate knowledge of nearly the whole of the first political era in the history of the United States. His political life began when a mere boy, even before the adoption of the Constitution; from that time he was in public office more continuously and more conspicuously than any other American has ever been, till nearly sixty years afterward he fell, stricken with death, in his seat in Congress, at that moment the most famous and the most influential of all living Americans. His career is almost without a parallel in the lives of public men of any country. Among his many conspicuous qualities two are eminently conspicuous in the second Adams—his integrity and his courage. An honest man, as statesman and citizen, never breathed. Once only in his long career, in all the heat and passion of sixty years of partisan conflict, was the finger of slander pointed at his private reputation, and the absurdity of that charge was its own speedy refutation. The only imputation ever brought against his political integrity was one of want of fealty to party, a charge which, in most cases, involves only the right of private judgment, and often, as in his case, is rather an evidence of public virtue. As a politician he was of a type the mould of which was long ago broken; for the very name of politician has come to imply, in the popular conception, one who dickers for votes and offices with the influence of a primary-meeting or a convention. His Presidency was the end of that era when men were made chief magistrates because they were statesmen and gentlemen of character, ability, and education; and with the close of his term began the era of party Presidents, selected not for what they are, but for the use that others of the trade of politics can put them to. To be distantly related to the President was an insurmountable bar to political preferment in Mr. Adams's time, so far as it depended upon him. In four years he made two removals from office, both for cause. He would not, to have been made President for life, have given or taken away the pettiest office under his control. All this required some courage sixty years ago, though political integrity was then only just beginning to go out of fashion. But the peculiar courage which distinguished this remarkable man showed itself at a later date, when he stood for nearly twenty years in the House of Representatives at Washington as the defender of the right of petition. It was the highest type of courage, both physical and moral. He never fell back a single inch from the ground he took in the beginning. He felt the full force of the obloquy that was heaped upon him, nor did he believe it would ever be lifted from him while living, nor from his memory when dead. For years no sympathy with the motives of the petitioners sustained him; he saw only that the right to petition was a vital one, and that when it was finally trampled under foot without a defender, the flag of liberty had gone down and the battle for human rights was over for at least one age. He no more heeded threats of assassination and the personal danger in which he often stood, than the gross misrepresentations of his motives for almost two decades. There is no sublimer spectacle of devotion to a sense of duty, no instance of more undaunted bravery, in all our annals, perhaps in no annals. A generation has grown up, since John Quincy Adams died, which has yet to learn how much his country really owes to one who will yet be recognized as among the most illustrious of her sons. Mr. Morse, who justly appreciates him, has done much in this book to dispel the prejudice with which a great name is still regarded.

A Chinaman's English Books. †

MR. KWONG, who has lived now for many years at Hartford, is no longer a novice in the making of English books for English readers. He came to America as a member of the Chinese Educational Commission. He has compiled an English and Chinese Dictionary, and last year put forth a 'Dictionary of English Phrases' which astonished every one with its knowledge of the English language and the new way it took of examining idiomatic expressions. No other book takes exactly the same ground. And while there are manifest shortcomings

in it, while it is far from complete in any sense, the mere fact that we get in it the Mongolian view of our language, makes it worthy of study, and valuable as a book of reference. The American cast of Mr. Kwong's English is very strong, amounting not merely to the use of single words that are still regarded with horror or pious indignation in England, but to a preference for American idioms that border on the racy region of slang. As it is from that region that language is being continually recruited, and in defiance of the philological word-quibblers, the fact need not cause violent sorrow.

Mr. Kwong's series of educational books consists of three 4tos, or square 8vos, in which the English and Chinese are arranged in parallel columns, save in the reading lessons. The first conversation-book naturally employs common short words. The important word is printed in types with heavy faces, and great care is taken to place the accent. Mr. Kwong's method is to place the verb, we will say, to the extreme left, by itself. Then comes a short sentence using the verb, and printed heavily. Then comes the Chinese equivalent on the right of the page. Many words are defined, and some grammatical information is given from time to time. The moralizing bent of the Chinese mind is seen in the preference for sentences containing good advice, whether for the preservation of health, or for the governance of the family, the duties of children to their parents and of young persons to their elders. Page 201: 'It is said by our ancient sages that a PERSON'S FILIAL DUTIES are his most important ones. For these REASONS: First, the child springs from the parent as the branch of a tree springs from the root. Second, the parent EXPENDS much care and money upon the child,' etc., etc. The first book ends with sketches of the lives of Peter the Great and Presidents Lincoln, Grant, and Garfield. The choice of one Russian and three Americans is certainly not without suggestiveness.

The second conversation-book is of more than 400 pages, and the third even larger. A section 'on aids to reading' gives particulars of punctuation and the like. The usual dialogue method is used to familiarize the Chinese student with commonplaces on the weather, education, travel, business, etc. Abbreviations and technical terms are taken up in the third book, also words that are used with prepositions, and 900 difficult verbs not elsewhere introduced are arranged in alphabetical order with explanatory sentences in which they occur. Among the 'advanced sentences' in this book is the following, to which is appended a curious note. 'He has been in mourning for nearly three years, and now he is reported to the government by the vice-roy of Can-ton' and Quang Se. Note.—According to Chinese custom, on the death of one of his parents a government official must resign his office for 27 months (unless excused for so doing); at the expiration of which time he may again become a candidate for office.' A section of the second book is devoted to American educational systems, and the hope is expressed that whatever in American methods is found worthy of imitation may be adopted by China. Mr. Kwong has two other works in preparation which will form supplements to the three now about to be published. One will be a sort of 'complete English letter-writer' for Chinamen, and will give the forms and etiquette of epistolary exchange.

Four New Poets.

THE author of 'A Prairie Idyl, and Other Poems' (Chicago: Jansen, etc.) does not need to hide her name from the public. One who could write the 'Prairie Idyl' must possess a fertile and choice fancy worthy of the best song, and one who could write 'From Saurian to Seraph' need not fear comparison with the better poets of our time for vivid and dramatic power of imagination. There is, moreover, in the poems entitled 'Married,' 'Roses,' and 'We Twain,' a lyrical quality of the best and purest order. In the first-mentioned the fancy is fertile and varied, but it is a little too severely held within the bounds of technical expression. It runs riot botanically, borrows too much from the books which belong to the student and artist, and too little from that stock of knowledge and observation which is common to all classes. The writer finds a fascination in the retired haunts of the beautiful in nature, which to the lover of nature is poetic and exquisitely charming. It is chastened by pure sentiment and deep thought, but not sufficiently controlled by a ripe human experience. The isolation of a loving and enthusiastic soul in external nature, and the new world of insect and flower life which breathes about it, the fine atmosphere which steeped it in heavenly felicities—all this is very finely and poetically expressed. The whole is indeed a prairie idyl—fresh, original, and enticing. It lacks only a little stronger infusion of the personal element to make it much more than a prairie idyl—to make it a human idyl in nature. In the second poem which we named we find this stronger human element. Fancy is more subdued, and imagination comes to the front. The thought is deeper, and more nearly reaches our older experience. A richer and mellower power shows itself in the shorter pieces—in 'Married,' which is tender and sound; in 'We Twain,' which is very delicate and exquisite both in melody and in fancy; and particularly in the noble lyric 'When I Call,' which almost

* By John T. Morse, Jr. \$1.25. (American Statesmen.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† Kwong's Educational Series (in English and Chinese). Designed for Use in Schools. By Kwong Ki Chin. Shanghai: Wah Cheung. Yokohama: Lane, Crawford & Co. London: Trubner & Co. San Francisco: Wing Fung. (From advance sheets.)

reaches the level of George Herbert. A pure melody, a chastened feeling, a deep, religious thought, and a most earnest promise of high imagination, with a choice and beautiful lyrical power—these are what we would give as the sum of our judgment of the volume of this unknown writer.

'From Daybreak to Twilight' (New York: Putnam) is a modest volume of poems, of which thirteen are by Miss Edith R. Crosby, and nineteen by Miss Charlotte Coursen. Beside the writers who have beaten their way up with strong blows to general recognition, these verses would claim but little attention, either for vigor or originality; nor would their authors probably expect a very high meed for this, which looks like their first venture among the 'song-birds.' But the tone throughout is sweet, natural, pure, and aspiring, and the literary execution is good. The themes are from everyday life—sorrow, friendship, affection, aspiration—that sort of aspiration which is as yet vague and undefined, and the by-play of affection rather than its more earnest action. One may feel strongly and suffer deeply, but the expression in verse of either experience is one of literary art, generally requiring long and patient study, and involving often a hundred failures. It is seldom that these deeper qualities get a vigorous expression in the earlier efforts of poets. But delicate fancies, bits of wayside experience, pictures involving the quips and turns of a lively imagination, hopes and sunny visions, even forebodings—these come nearest the surface. So that we find in these verses more satisfaction in such poems as 'Daybreak,' 'Hidden Fire,' 'Castles in the Air,' 'Chateau en Espagne,' 'Song,' and 'A Paradox,' than in the meditative mood of 'Awakened' and its 'Answer,' 'Phantom,' etc. One of the prettiest fancies in the book is that in 'A Paradox,' wherein the varying moods of the lover, who is always able to better his best, are quaintly shown. 'The Flowers of Life' is one of the best of the meditative poems, and 'A Picture' stands out vividly in its picturesque quality.

If a delicate taste and fancy, and careful literary finish, together with the best outward adornments which the publisher can add, make a book successful, this little volume of 'Songs and Rhymes,' by Walter Herries Pollock (London: Remington), should succeed. It is a long time since we have taken up a new song-book showing so much artistic skill in expression, and such a handsome way of saying common things freshly and takingly. Mr. Pollock leans rather to the Matthew Arnold fashion than to the Swinburne and 'fleshy' school, and keeps decency and the proprieties in view while he touches upon love and wine, and the airier delights of youth. Of the wine-songs, that of 'Father Francis' is exquisitely humorous. Of the more serious verses, 'Memory,' though containing no novel thought or experience, has the novelty of verisimilitude; 'Heidelberg' on the Terrace' suggests Matthew Arnold; 'Below the Heights' and 'A Song of the Ice' are good pictures of Switzerland. There are but thirty poems in all, and not one without some pleasant, artistic, or meditative quality; and there is not one which good taste and fine culture merely might not have produced.

The Life of Bishop Janes.*

WHATEVER may be thought of an Episcopal system of church government, it has the advantage, not merely of bringing gifted men into prominence and influence—that may be quite as inevitable a result in the most non-prelatical polity—but of making special gifts available to the whole church body with the smallest percentage of loss. It is not to the purpose here to inquire whether, on the whole, better results are secured through the concentration of power in a few hands, than by the discussion and co-operation of equals in a democratic body; it is certain that the former gives freer play to exceptional endowments. This is nowhere better illustrated than in the Methodist Episcopal church, and perhaps no better example of the possible effectiveness of the system can be found than the life and work of Bishop Janes. He was without doubt an unusual man. His earnestness, strength of will, and untiring perseverance were noteworthy; more noteworthy still the combination of these with a gentle, affectionate tenderness; most noteworthy of all the addition to the rest of a broad mental development and a discreet judgment. Besides his theology he had studied something of law and of medicine, and although his early education was very simple, and neither his habit of mind nor the circumstances of his life were favorable to profound learning, he knew men so well, he touched their life at so many points, he had such a firm grasp of principles, his character was so thoroughly disciplined, and his good sense so unflinching, that he could hardly have been better fitted for his important post. His religious life was simple, fresh, and strong—a perfectly natural, indispensable part of his being. With this kind of equipment, it follows as a matter of course that it was through personal influence, through contact with men, through the contagion of enthusiasm, and the commanding power of wisdom, that he was

chiefly efficient. He was an impressive and persuasive speaker, making good in warmth, practical thought, and unflinching energy of purpose what he lacked in presence. He had the eloquence of conviction, chastened and guided by patient study. He always had something to say that seemed to him true and important, and he was never more at home than when he was looking men in the eye and saying it. The thirty-two years of his episcopate were in many respects critical years for the ecclesiastical body to which he belonged, and it owes much to his wise counsels and tireless activity—as his reputation owes much to the opportunities it gave him; but a larger company still can appreciate the personal characteristics which made him in all the relations of life a man to be respected and loved. His biographer has plainly had his heart in his work, and has written in a straightforward, earnest way, which it would be ungracious to criticise.

"A Reverend Idol."*

THE title of 'A Reverend Idol' leads us to expect an ingenious, perhaps brilliant, presentation of some 'His Majesty Myself,' exhibited on his throne in the midst of his adoring worshippers, while the writer stands outside of the charmed circle and looks on with amused contempt. It proves, however, to be the delineation of a Reverend worthy to be idolized, if idolatry were ever permissible, far removed from his professional sphere of action, and shown in his relation to the one woman whose idolatry was the result rather than the cause of her acquaintance with him. The book is a delightful one, in spite of certain things in it which are preposterous. That the heroine has an uncle and aunt instead of a father and mother fails to account satisfactorily for her unchaperoned manner of existence; and there are decided 'bits of commonness,' not only in the style of the book, but in the conversation and courtship of the Idol and the maiden. The mistakes, however, are only in the line of social solecisms. The author does not attempt to deal with the Idol in his ministerial relations or theological position; he is separated from his congregation and confronted with a love problem. We cannot be too grateful for the kind of love problem which was selected for him to confront; for the rector of St. Ancient's simply falls in love with a very winsome young girl, whom he suspects of some frivolousness, but who is, nevertheless, 'the one piece of imperfect human clay mysteriously removed in his mind from any thought of fashioning it anew.' We have said that the author attempts not to deal with his theological position; but such allusions to it as are necessary are made with excellent taste and insight. We infer that the author is a woman (a Miss Lucretia Noble has been named), but one of just and even judgments. Her hero is the deservedly popular rector of an Episcopal church, and she regards him with a temperate sympathy, born not of allegiance but respect. For she herself does not seem to be an Episcopalian, if we may judge from the constant descriptions of the Idol as a 'minister,' and from the absence of any allusions to the Church with a capital C; still less is she a convert, for she is not one of the adorers; but accepting him as a hero as some people accept homeopathy, not because they see any sense in its doctrines, but because they have witnessed its results, she is content with her privilege of knowing him to be that noblest work of God—a great man doing good.

The delineation is the more enjoyable for not being merely an imaginative sketch of an imaginary man. Just such men as the Reverend Idol are in the pulpit to-day: men radical in thought, but conservative in taste, who have perhaps a right to ask their opponents, 'If forms are of so little consequence, what matters it that we cling to them?' The story enforces by illustration, if not by homily, the fact that every young girl should be educated to the possession of a social as well as a moral conscience. That the consequences of a social mistake should often be more terrible to bear than the consequences of actual misdemeanor may be a bitter fact to dwell upon, but it is undeniable that the human actions which are to be based upon right and wrong are to be guided by propriety. In close connection with this lesson the author shows the absolute folly, as well as wrong, of secrets between lovers. But we are giving too solemn an idea of a story which is uncommonly entertaining.

Recent Fiction.

MRS. LILLIE'S story of 'Prudence'† might be called 'an æsthetic sketch, after Du Maurier,' with the delicate *double-entente* of the phrase so often seen in art galleries abroad. It is intended not exactly to laugh at æstheticism, but certainly to smile at it; yet nothing is more evident than that the author would never have been the first to see the ridiculous side of the life and society which she presents. There are no new platitudes, if we may be allowed the expression, in her Barley Simmonson; we have all not only heard of him but

* The Life of Edmund S. Janes, D.D., LL.D., late Senior Bishop of the M. E. Church. By H. B. Ridgway, D.D. \$1.50. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

* A Reverend Idol. \$1.50. Boston: Osgood.

† Prudence. By Lucy C. Lillie. Illustrated by Du Maurier. 90 cents. New York: Harper.

heard him, and some people we believe have even seen him by paying a dollar. It would not surprise us to learn that the story had been written with a quill, in a boudoir highly suggestive of Burne Jones and Alma Tadema, by a lady who had been known after finishing a chapter to partake of afternoon tea in the most æsthetic of tea-gowns. But the true æsthete probably desires to be keen enough of intellect to recognize ludicrousness when it is pointed out to him, and to dabble with the humorousness of his own exaggerations.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER's 'Romance of a Mummy' * is written in the author's well-known florid style, whereof Ouida, alone of English writers, guards the secret. The features of Lord Evandale, the hero, are 'those of Meleager or Antinous'; the mummy, whose romance is told, has 'the same smile that closes, in such a delicious curve, the mouths of those adorable heads surmounting the Canopian vases in the Louvre.' One cannot help thinking how differently Poe, or any writer of true imagination, would have spun the fantastic tale.

THE new No Name, to play upon words a little, has no new name, Aschenbroedel † being simply the German of Cinderella. Why it should be called 'Aschenbroedel' is not apparent; but in its English form the name refers to an experiment of the heroine in 'living out' at a summer boarding-house, in womanly emulation of certain college students in vacation, though the young lady did not have the students' excuse of needing the money. The experiment does not succeed, and does not last; and the book is more discouraging than many which are outwardly more cynical.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON's novel, 'The Queen of Bohemia,' ‡ has been re-published by the Messrs. Harper. The story is that of an English nobleman, the Earl of Rokeby, who wins a bride from the stage. Mr. Hatton has an intimate knowledge of the world which he describes, and though English noblemen are rarely found nowadays behind the scenes at London theatres, yet Mr. Hatton has pounced down on those who sometimes turn their steps thither at nightfall, and has described their manners, we have no doubt, accurately enough. He writes in a slap-dash and somewhat vulgar style, but he has mastered the art of story-telling.

MR. BUCHANAN's romance § will be read with equal interest by lovers of fiction and lovers of a moral. As a story, it is deeply interesting; the theme is a powerful one, powerfully treated, while the lighter touches for relief—the sweet figure of Priscilla and the delicate bits of scenery—are put in with exceeding skill. The story is that of a deadly feud between two families, and of the revenge which the representative of the wronged one slowly learns to forego. The circumstances under which this is done are thrilling, and the character drawing is remarkable. The dedication—a graceful bit of verse—is given appropriately 'To an Old Enemy,' the 'honored head' to which it refers being evidently Swinburne's.

'DOROTHEA' ¶ is a story of the Centennial, based upon incidents so improbable that we suspect them of being founded upon fact. To read it is an excellent tonic for people who think that they are tired of sentiment; when the hero remarks casually to the heroine in discussing another young lady, 'Of course you know I was once engaged to her?' and when we are cheated out of the usual wooing by the brief statement, 'He had come from New York to ask her to join him in these magazine articles, but when they finally parted she had not yet consented; they were, however, engaged to be married,'—we realize that a little genuine romance adds flavor to the best of story-telling. Much in the book is trivial; it is not uninteresting to overhear two young ladies considering what they will order for luncheon at a *café*, where one is enjoying one's own chocolate and roll; but it is hardly worth while to embalm their conversation in literature. The story should have been called 'Theodosia' instead of 'Dorothea'; for although we do not particularly like Dorothea,—liking her lover still less and Theodosia not at all,—the author's greatest success is in the treatment of the society young lady as illustrated by the idiosyncrasies of Dorothea's 'friend.' The adventures of the eccentric 'Yusef' are laughable and entertaining.

Minor Notices. ¶

THE Messrs. Harper have issued a 'tourist's edition' of Drake's 'The Heart of the White Mountains.' The idea is a good one, as the high price of the original issue would have kept it from any but the most delicate use. Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson's illustrations look very nearly as well in the \$3. volume as in the handsomer one costing two and a half times as much. The book is handsomely bound in a cover designed by Mr. Alfred Parsons, the English artist.

* The Romance of a Mummy. From the French of Theophile Gautier. By Augusta McC. Wright. \$1.25. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

† Aschenbroedel. \$1. (No Name Series.) Boston: Roberts.

‡ The Queen of Bohemia. By Joseph Hatton. 15 cts. (Franklin Square Library) New York: Harper.

§ God and the Man. By Robert Buchanan. 30 cents. (Franklin Square Library.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

¶ Dorothea. \$1. (Round-Robin Series.) Boston: Osgood.

¶ For other minor notices, see page 177.

'DEMOSTHENES,' by S. H. Butcher, M. A. (New York: Appleton: 60 cents), belongs to the series of Classical Writers, edited by John Richard Green. It reviews briefly and lucidly the age in which the orator lived, his public life and speeches, his private speeches, his position as a statesman and an orator, with a table of his works. It conveys to the reader that sense of power and knowledge hidden under a light manner which is the secret of the success of all these primers.

IN PREPARING a new edition of his well-known work, 'California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence' (New York: Harper. \$2.), Mr. Nordhoff has found so many changes to note that the book has been virtually re-written. These changes have made the state 'far more interesting to the traveller and sight-seer, more comfortable to the seeker for health, and more valuable and important to the settler' than it was in '73. The volume is well furnished with maps and illustrations, and should be in the hands not only of every visitor to the state, but of every stay-at-home as well, who would not be ignorant of the wonders of the West.

MR. S. B. BOULTON's little book on 'The Russian Empire: Its History and Development' (25 cents), is one of the useful volumes in Cassell's Popular Library. It gives a view of the domestic life of Russia by describing visits paid by the writer to a nobleman's estate in the country, to Moscow and St. Petersburg, to Nijni-Novgorod, and to Warsaw. It then branches into the history of Russia, which is known to far too few educated men and women of to-day, and which it brings down to the accession of the present Tsar. Great events are impending in Russia, and nobody can judge their significance save by knowing their relation to the past.

'ALTAVONA' (Edinburgh: Douglas) is a curious mixture of prose and verse, by John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek at Edinburgh, written somewhat in the style of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' and somewhat in that of the Ettrick Shepherd. Its theme is life in the Highlands, and its ordinary form is that of dialogues between Mr. Roderick Gillebride Mac Donald, Advocate, Edinburgh, and various interlocutors. They talk all languages with equal facility; they crack jokes in Latin and chat in Greek, and if they embark on the waters of a loch, Mr. Mac Donald thus apostrophizes the bark: 'Bravo! bravo! that sail bulges beautifully—never eagle of Jove, prophetic of a great Roman victory, spread its wings more proudly.' (They sail out of the bay.) To Scotchmen the book will be pure nectar.

'IMPOSTORS AND ADVENTURERS' is the attractive title of a book by Mr. Horace W. Fuller (Boston: Soule and Bugbee: \$1.). American society pricks up its ears. Now, it says, it will at last know something about that fascinating young French marquis who was so well received last winter; or that gay young Spanish count, whose disappearance in the present spring was so much regretted by the hotel-keepers. Alas! Mr. Fuller's impostors and adventurers are the false Martin Guerre, who lived in the Sixteenth Century; and the self-styled Marchioness de Donhault, who lived in the days of the French Revolution; and Cartouche, the robber; and other celebrated criminals of the past. The book is as lively as a romance. But there is still a field to be covered in the direction which we have pointed out.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, having already written a standard work in his 'History of Our Own Times,' now takes one of the periods therein described and elaborates it under the title, 'The Epoch of Reform' (New York: Scribner: \$1.). Between the years 1830 and 1850 there were in England six administrations: that of the Duke of Wellington, of Earl Grey (the Reform Ministry), the first of Sir Robert Peel, that of Lord Melbourne, the second of Sir Robert Peel, and the first of Lord John Russell; and under these Premiers a new basis of popular suffrage was established. The corn laws were repealed, improvements of a radical nature were introduced in Great Britain and her colonies, and many notable statesmen came to the front, whether as leaders of a party, or merely as striking political figures, like Cobden and O'Connell. Mr. McCarthy knows the period as well as any man living, and his style is easy and graphic.

'PICTURESQUE B. AND O.' (Chicago: Knight & Leonard), is calculated to make the Baltimore and Ohio's rivals pale with envy. There has been nothing so striking in the way of railroad guide-books, and it will probably be a long time before a better one is seen. The pamphlet contains a description, by Mr. J. G. Pangborn, of a recent trip by himself and three companions over the line of the B. & O. The 'T. Yellowstone' of the party was Mr. T. Moran, who furnishes the greater part of the nearly one hundred illustrations, others being supplied by Messrs. W. H. Gibson, Sol Eytinge, J. O. Davidson, and W. L. Sheppard. The drawings are all from nature, and were engraved expressly for this book. We need not echo Mr. Pangborn's assertion that Mr. Moran's contributions will 'at once establish it [the pamphlet] surpassingly high character in the first artistic circles of the continent'; but Mr. Moran is nothing if not an illustrator, and he has put some of his most characteristic work upon these pages.

The Critic

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'The first literary journal in America. Its specialty is short reviews and many of them; but we do not observe that quality is sacrificed.'—LONDON ACADEMY.

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'Its success has been instant and secure.'—PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

'THE CRITIC is nothing if not critical.'—BOSTON TRAVELLER.

'It never praises a poor book.'—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE celebration of Mrs. Stowe's seventieth birthday has again directed general attention to the author of the most famous book of recent times. It is a great many years since Mrs. Stowe's 'Sketches' first appeared. She is the survivor of all the novelists and romance writers who had begun work in her youth. All who had any note as writers of fiction, except Charles Brockden Brown, who died in 1810, were still on the stage contemporary with her early womanhood. J. K. Paulding, John Neal, Fennimore Cooper, Catharine Sedgwick, R. P. Smith, who wrote 'Forsaken,' were well-known. Mrs. Child had written 'Hobomok' and 'The Rebels,' her only ambitious tales; but of the rest, none had reached their best work. Kennedy had published 'Swallow Barn' two years before. Hawthorne, with 'Fanshawe,' his earliest romance, published about the same time, was as obscure as the romance itself has since become. Wm. Gilmore Simms was beginning his most prolific career. James Hall, with 'Legends of the West,' T. S. Fay, with 'Norman Leslie,' Montgomery Bird, with 'Calavar,' were her immediate predecessors in published work. Most of these are now but names, conveying no significance to the ear that hears them, while Harriet Beecher Stowe is a name known in every language which expresses civilized thought, revered by every people that add humanity to culture. Her largest claim rests on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' published in 1852, but her reputation is justified by the whole body of her works, which indicate a depth of sympathy purely feminine, a breadth of humor which is almost masculine, and a liberality of culture which is of the best university centres. There is nothing which is not American in her genius. She is representative through and through of the warm southwest corner of the Puritan element, with the richest blood of the old growth, the mellowest heart of the old morality. There is hardly a grain of sentimentality in her composition, but of true sentiment, mingled with ripe thinking and rich humor, she has as much as the best. One is let into the heart as well as the intellect of American life through her books. Her breadth is too great for intensity, and except in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' she seldom thrills us. The reader does not despatch her books at one sitting, but lives and revels among the characters, finding a wide range of individuals, and all depicted with sufficient fulness to make them living representatives of their kind. There is a large background of home-life, a full and overflowing measure of incident, and of intellectual as well as emotional action, so that the reader spending an evening over one of her stories feels as if he had been entertained in a genial and hearty company of a winter night, in a large, old-fashioned house, before a roaring fire, where there was plenty of cider and apples, and three generations listening to the ripest story-teller of the village. Long may it be our privilege to be a guest at such an ideal gathering, while those good gray hairs shine in the grandmother's chair.

The Hamilton Sale.

SENTIMENT is wasted on the sale of the famous Hamilton collections. Their former owner, the Duke of Hamilton, is a good-hearted, free-handed, horse-loving Scotchman, wholly without guile, no better educated and no worse than the average man who has travelled round the world with his eyes open. If he cannot distinguish a Rubens from a Teniers; if he cannot appreciate the merits of a binding by Le Gascon or Clovis Eve; if he cares nothing for miniatures, Limoges enamels, and old French furniture, he at least knows the points of a colt, and can recognize toadies and knaves at a considerable distance. Becoming conscious of the absurdity of leaving a priceless collection of art-treasures shut up in a palace which was rarely visited either by his friends or the public, and thinking more of their pecuniary than of their artistic value, he determined to brave the obloquy of selling them. This was a sensible and manly decision. Would that its example were imitated by all the great European families whose taste for art has wholly passed away.

There has been a foolish clamor in England because many of the purchasers were rich Americans. It is the old cry of vanity and ignorance. 'Out upon you, *nouveaux riches*. These are our heir-looms. How dare you despoil us.' As though Botticelli, or Mantegna, or Ostade, had painted for the British market. As though the best class of our rich men were less capable of understanding these old masters than the best class of rich men in England. We have no patience with such self-conceit. There were in this Hamilton collection very many articles which belonged entirely to the province of the private collector. Riesener, Buhl, Gouthière, and their works, have obtained an entirely spurious value through the competition of amateurs. Most of the jade, the lacquer, the pottery, including Beckford's tea-pot, can have interest only for individuals. Of these private collectors and amateurs the best purchaser is he who is able to put them to the best use as models. Whether an American or a Japanese he will have done most good if he can show that rare objects have fructified in his hands. If, on the other hand, he hides them away in a mansion on Murray Hill, the community has the same cause of complaint as though they were stored at Stowe, or Font-hill Abbey, or Hamilton Palace.

Of the works that are essential to an art education the Duke of Hamilton possessed very few, and these the National Gallery secured. Indeed, the importance of the sale, except as a sale of curiosities, has been ridiculously overestimated.

Dr. Moore has the Floor.

IF we may credit the reporters of the daily papers, Dr. Moore of the Lenox Library, in a recent address before the Historical Society, asserted that John Dickinson was, and Thomas Jefferson was not, the author of the Declaration of Independence. We do not believe that Dr. Moore said any such thing, but we are not, therefore, any the less curious to know what he did say. It is not a little remarkable that he has not thought it worth while to correct the report if it be wrong, and that it has excited so little comment if it be supposed to be right. Dr. Moore is reported to have exhibited a copy of the Declaration in Dickinson's handwriting. Probably he made no such exhibition; but if he did, he is too accomplished a scholar not to know that such a paper is not evidence. There are, or were, in existence, three copies of the Declaration, each in the handwriting of one of the three members of the sub-committee to whom the work of drawing up that document was entrusted—Jefferson, Adams, Franklin. The original draft was certainly not made by all three. But Dickinson was neither a member of this smaller committee directed to prepare the Declaration, nor of the larger one to which the subject was referred by Congress. If there is such a thing as trustworthy evidence, the question is beyond controversy. Dickinson even voted against the Declaration when it was reported from the committee. But about something Dr. Moore has clearly said something new. What is it? He should rise and explain. Was it that Dickinson wrote the petition to the King? Nobody has questioned that these fifty years. Was it that he wrote the Declaration of Rights. The authorship of that is not attributed to Jefferson, and John Adams claims it as his own. Will Dr. Moore be kind enough to believe that there is here and there a person outside of the Historical Society who ventures to take an interest in historical questions, and would really like to know what he has discovered?

Whitman and Emerson.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS O'CONNOR, of Washington, and the Rev. Mr. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, are waging a tremendous conflict in the columns of the *Tribune* over the late Mr. Emerson's position in regard to the objectionable passages in 'Leaves of Grass.' Mr. Chadwick, writing a month ago, expressed 'approval, in the main,' of Mr. O'Connor's 'eloquent defense' of the Leaves. But he held that the attempt to bring Emerson forward as an 'unqualified sanctioner of Mr. Whitman's poetry' was 'disingenuous to an astonishing degree.' For his own part, he did not believe that Mr. Whitman had written 'a line which is not pure and high in its intention'; but the question was simply whether or no Emerson had ever, 'in any way whatsoever' 'retracted or qualified' the letter of endorsement which he wrote in '55. As proof that he *had*, Mr. Chadwick quoted from THE CRITIC of Dec. 3, 1881, wherein Mr. Whitman reported an interview with Emerson in 1860, when the philosopher, then in his prime, made a long and strong 'argument-statement of all that could be said against that part (and a main part) in the construction of my poems "Children of Adam" . . . Each point of E.'s statement was unanswerable; and yet 'I felt, down in my soul, the clear and unmistakable conviction to disobey all, and pursue my own way.' This, Mr. Chadwick held, makes it 'impossible for any one who knows the facts to speak of Emerson's "absolute endorsement" of Mr. Whitman's poetry.' So it would seem. But Mr. O'Connor, replying to Mr. Chadwick a fortnight since, alludes to the report as 'a jotted reminiscence, penned with careless bonhomie,' and wholly unworthy of sober consideration. Had Mr. Chadwick 'as much imagination as a pint pot,' Mr. O'Connor holds, he would have attached no importance to so trivial a point. The reflection is obvious, that the former gentleman's deficiency in imagination is more than balanced by the latter's incapacity to see a fact.

Tauchnitz's Reprints.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Permit us to say, with regard to your statement in your issue of the 17th instant, that 'Tauchnitz's reprints (Leipzig) are piratical, and are therefore prohibited in England,' that these reprints are in all instances, except for such works as are 'domaine publique,' authorized editions, 'copyright for continental circulation,' and although of course prohibited in England, are published by arrangement with the English authors and publishers. Germany and the states of Western Europe, the Netherlands excepted, have enjoyed since 1861 the benefit of literary conventions with each other, which protect every book copyright in either state in all others as well; and with the exception of the Netherlands, 'piratical' reprints are no longer possible in Western Europe.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1882.

B. WESTERMANN & CO.

American authors are slowly making their way into the Tauchnitz collection, though the great mass of it is contemporary British fiction. Of the 2000 or more volumes now published, 94 are by American writers, Mark Twain having 9, Longfellow 10, Bret Harte 12, and H. James, Jr., 14;—while Florence Marryat has 47, Mrs. Oliphant 51, Mrs. Wood, 60, Miss Braddon 64, and Mr. Anthony Trollope 81!

"Memoirs of Mrs. Coghan."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I must protest against the use of my name in connection with the 'Memoirs of Mrs. Coghan.' It is a book that I have never read, and would not have in my possession; your readers will therefore, I trust, believe my positive assertion that I never contributed a single note to any edition, whether printed before or since I was born.

ELIZABETH, N. J., June 26, 1882.

JOHN G. SHEA.

Minor Notices.*

In a tasteful dark blue cover adorned with a score of aggressive interrogation marks, and in all the ruddy glory of a rubricated title-page and foot-notes in crimson ink, comes 'Hotspur's' essay on one of the foremost of our native sports, 'Twenty Questions,' which disputes with Poker the credit of being the most characteristic and widely diffused of American games. Each affords full scope for the national gift of speculation, and each in its present form is a product of American ingenuity; for as Poker is the final development of the simple game of Gleeek played in Ben Jonson's time, so is the purely scientific Twenty Questions, as we now know it, an evolution from a ruder game in which a score of queries were prepared, to be answered only with a Quaker-like 'Yea' or 'Nay.'

* For other Minor Notices, see page 175.

The success of Twenty Questions in America is a beautiful instance of the survival of the fittest, and no game ever responded more heartily to the demands of its environment. For one thing, it affords a means of withdrawing the superabundant feminine curiosity of the watering-place from idle gossip; and for another, it satisfies the national liking for a combination of entertainment and instruction. We can afford a word of praise to the care and skill with which 'Hotspur' has drawn up a code of laws for a game which hitherto has relied for its government on a vague and varying common law of tradition. Would it not have been well to extend the thin volume by a few remarks on the cognate games of Clumps and Literati, neither of which as yet has any place in the American Hoyle?

Appalachia for June (Boston: Clarke & Carruth) is an exceptionally interesting number. The leading article, 'Our Geographical Nomenclature,' by the Editor, Prof. Charles E. Fay, is entertaining and suggestive, and the contributions which follow would repay any mountaineer who should read them. The Appalachian Mountain Club, it may not be generally known, is a corporation formed primarily for the exploration of the mountains of New England and the adjacent regions, and in general to cultivate an interest in geographical studies. Prof. Wm. H. Niles, of Cambridge, is President; and Col. T. W. Higginson Chairman of the Publishing Committee.

THE Parchment Library (London: Kegan Paul, etc.) is a sort of publisher's *olla podrida*, containing a little of everything. Already it includes Shakspeare and Poe, Horace and Thomas à Kempis, Shelley and Tennyson. For a series aiming at a typographical reproduction of the antique, there is a special propriety in the latest volume—'Eighteenth-Century Essays.' But, in this case, the printer has not done his part as well as the editor. Mr. Austin Dobson has made a special study of the Eighteenth-Century literature. As a poet of polite society he has carefully considered Prior and Pope and their fellows. As a prose-writer he has published a 'Life of Hogarth,' written a 'Life of Bewick,' and is at work on a 'Life of Fielding.' His knowledge of Eighteenth-Century life is at once extensive and minute. He has a fine touch and a delicate taste; and his choice of essays is singularly good. Steele and Addison lead off, Johnson and Goldsmith follow, and a few others venture timidly in the rear. Of the thirty four essays there is none we could wish omitted, and without pretending to have all the bulky British Essayists at our finger's end, we recall no noteworthy essay of manners or character which has been denied admission. In a preface all too brief Mr. Dobson declares the principle of his selection, and in notes to every essay he enlightens and enlivens all doubtful points. The volume is dedicated, in true Eighteenth-Century style, to the daughter of the author of 'Henry Esmond'; and it is introduced by the rondeau, 'With Slower Pen,' first printed in THE CRITIC.

LITERARY NOTES.

'TAG'S 'COON' is a capital short story, by Mr. Frank R. Stockton, in the July *St. Nicholas*.

Mr. Richard Jeffries' charming fable, 'Wood-magic,' is reissuing from the press of Cassell, in a volume of 500 pages, at 75 cts.

An illustrated history of the Jeannette Arctic expedition, by Mr. Raymond L. Newcomb, one of the survivors, is nearly finished.

Mr. Mark Pattison's 'Milton,' Mr. Leslie Stephens' 'Pope,' and Professor Goldwin Smith's 'Cowper,' published in the English Men-of-Letters Series at 75 cents a copy, have been reprinted in one volume of the Franklin Square Library at 20 cts.

The Toledo Blade Publishing Company propose sending Petroleum V. Nasby (D. R. Locke) on a tour through China, Japan, and other Oriental countries next fall, for the purpose of writing a series of letters to the *Blade*, which will ultimately be made into a subscription book.

Mr. John Burroughs, who is now in England, has been tramping about Carlyle's country, and Burns's. While roaming through the woods at Alloway he met a young Scotchman who, not knowing him, mentioned his name and quoted his words about the sky-lark. Mr. Burroughs will next visit Selborne, the region made famous by Gilbert White.

Mr. James Thompson, the author of that strange poem, 'The City of Dreadful Night,' died in his forty-eighth year, at London, June 3d. Mr. Thompson passed some months in this country in his youth, and during the Carlist war in Spain acted as correspondent of the *New York World*. He was a poet of undoubted talent, but his verses were not of the sort that wins popularity. He leaves a ms. volume of poems, and some prose. The longest poem in the volume is called 'Insomnia.' Mr. Thompson had very few advantages, but he taught himself more than most men know. His circle of admirers embraced the names of the best known literary men in England and this country.

R. Worthington has in press a new book by Theodore Tilton.

London has a new Arabic monthly called *Itihadu-l-Arabiyyu*.

The author of 'Through Siberia' is about to make a journey through Russian Central Asia.

The publication of Capt. Burton's 'The Sword' will be begun next season by Chatto & Windus.

Horace C. Hovey's 'Celebrated American Caverns' will be issued by Robert Clarke & Co. this month.

Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. are preparing a sixpenny edition of Garibaldi's 'The Rule of the Monk.'

'An Oxford Graduate' should know that every communication designed for publication should be accompanied by the writer's name, as a guaranty of good faith.

Sir Theodore Martin, at the urgent request of the family, has consented to write a life of the late Lord Lyndhurst. Lady Lyndhurst has furnished him with the family papers.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is writing a new serial novel in which the subject of vivisection is treated. It will be translated, by special arrangement, into French, Dutch, Italian, German, and Swedish.

Moses King is preparing for early publication a 'Handbook of Boston Harbor.' The descriptive text will be written by Mr. M. F. Sweetzer, and it will be illustrated from drawings by Mr. Charles Copeland.

The famous 'Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy' are given in Mr. Laurence Oliphant's new volume, 'Traits and Travesties.' This sets at rest whatever doubts there may have been as to the authorship of the brochure.

Prof. Hiram Corson, of Cornell, accompanied by his wife, is in England. The object of his visit was to read a paper before the Browning Society on 'Browning's method of revealing the soul to itself by means of a startling experience.'

'Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne' is the title of a two-volume work by Mr. John Ashton, soon to appear in England. The author has gone to original sources for his material, and his work will be illustrated by one hundred pictures copied from contemporary engravings.

In his 'Common-Sense about Women,' Col. T. W. Higginson couples the House of Lords and the contributors to the *Saturday Review*. The *Review* is so flattered by the allusion that it devotes a page to an attack on the book for the sake of calling attention to the paragraph in question.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce a subscription 'History of the Union League of Philadelphia,' by Mr. George P. Lathrop, which will be issued under the auspices of the Directors of the League, in a handsome quarto volume. The edition will be regulated by the number of subscriptions received.

From the decennial review and annual report of President Eliphalet Nott Potter, of Union College, we learn that the number of students admitted last year was larger than at any previous term within the past eighteen years. The report urges the appointment of financial agents to secure donations and bequests.

The lady seated at a writing-desk, holding a pen in her tiny fingers and gazing at the moon reflected in a lake, which we have all seen on Japanese lacquer work and other art objects, is supposed to represent Murasaki Shikibu, the gifted author of 'Genji Monogatari,' a romance which has been read in the Mikado's empire for nearly a thousand years.

The newly-discovered Thackeray manuscript is a preface written for the second edition of his 'Irish Sketch-Book,' and suppressed by his publishers, who thought it too plain-spoken. It is really an essay on the political situation in Ireland. In it Thackeray urges the disestablishment of the church which, he says, 'will no more grow in Ireland than a palm-tree in St. Paul's Churchyard.'

An American reprint of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' (J. M. Stoddart & Co.) will be supplemented by four volumes devoted to American subjects neglected in the English edition, and containing also biographical sketches of living men and women, both American and foreign. Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson is editing these volumes, the first of which will appear in the fall. The article on the American drama is to be written by Mr. J. Brander Matthews.

Mrs. Haweis has written a book on 'Beautiful Houses,' which contains descriptions of some well-known artistic interiors, including the homes of Alma-Tadema, Sir Frederick Leighton, and others. The get-up of the little volume is a model of æsthetic taste. It is bound in vellum and lettered in red. The pages are very narrow, yet the text is so much narrower that it leaves about two and a half inches of margin all around. The type used is known to printers as 'old style antique.' Altogether the book looks as if it might have lain among the treasures of one's great-grandmother. It will be published next week by Scribner & Welford.

Prof. Swing has resigned the editorship of the *Chicago Alliance*.

The *Home Journal* tells one how to get to nearly every resort in the country, and what he will find when he gets there.

President Wm. H. Campbell, of Rutgers College, retiring after twenty years of hard work, has been succeeded by Dr. Merrill E. Gates, of Albany.

Mr. George William Curtis made a capital address on 'The Leadership of Educated Men,' before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Brown University, on the 20th ult.

Mr. Austin Dobson's papers on Bewick are shortly to appear in *The Century*. His life of Fielding, in the English Men-of-Letters Series, will not be ready before the New Year.

'Troublesome Children: Their Ups and Downs' is the title of a book 'by one of them,' announced by A. Williams & Co. The illustrations by Francis G. Attwood are said to be very amusing.

Professor Newman Smith's 'Old Faiths in New Lights,' which was one of the causes of the author's rejection at Andover Seminary, has been published in England, and has reached a third edition in a few weeks.

The subscriptions to the Longfellow Memorial Association are pouring in from all quarters. Booksellers in the country are authorized to forward subscriptions, and to deliver the certificates of membership which will be returned. The subscription is one dollar.

The *Christian Advocate* indorses the statement of a secular journal, that 'good preaching ability and good level-headed men who understand what is needed in our American religion are so rare that the man who possesses both is to-day more certain of making his mark in the ministerial profession than in any other.'

The tenacity with which Englishmen cling to a name or trade-mark is well illustrated by the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which has always borne the name of 'Sylvanus Urban, Gentleman,' on the cover, as that of the editor. Mr. Joseph Knight, the dramatic critic of the *Athenæum*, has been the editor for several years.

It is announced that Mr. Paul Tulane, of Princeton, N. J., has given to New Orleans \$2,000,000. worth of property in the latter city, for the erection and endowment of a college. Mr. Tulane is by no means impoverished by this handsome gift. He is a bachelor, over eighty years of age, and has not been actively engaged in business for a quarter of a century.

Over the grave of Bayard Taylor, in the cemetery at Longwood near Kennett Square, Pa., and within three miles of Cedarcroft, his old home, a monument of gray limestone in the form of a Greek altar has been raised. In addition to the sculptured lines from his own poem, 'Prince Deukalion,' there is, on the drum of the altar, a bronze bas-relief of the poet, half encircled with a wreath of bay and oak.

Dr. Charles Waldstein, a graduate of Columbia College, Ph. D. of Heidelberg, and for two years Lecturer in Classical Archaeology at Cambridge, England, has just received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from the latter University. Dr. Waldstein is about twenty-six years of age. His father is a well-known optician in this city.—Prof. Josiah P. Cooke, of Harvard, has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, from the same University.

Allusion has been made by an English newspaper to the series of strange and imaginative tales, by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, which lie hidden in the columns of a dead-and-gone weekly journal. These tales were in the form of an attempted modernization of 'The Arabian Nights,' and appeared four years ago in *London*, a Tory weekly, founded by the late Mr. Grenville Murray, and edited, at the time Mr. Stevenson wrote, by his fast friend, Mr. W. E. Henley, who is now editing *The Magazine of Art*.

An anecdote of Emerson is told in Mr. Ireland's 'In Memoriam.' The poet had been delivering an address to a literary society, and at its conclusion the president called upon a clergyman to pray. The latter did so, closing with these words: 'We beseech Thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from this sacred desk.' After the benediction Mr. Emerson asked his next neighbor the name of the officiating clergyman, and, when falteringly answered, remarked with great simplicity: 'He seems a very conscientious, plain-spoken man!'

Mr. Clement Scott is best known to Americans as one of the English adapters of M. Sardou's fine play, 'Dora,' which was mangled and disfigured by much intrusting of jingoism, remembered by all who saw 'Diplomacy.' We are reminded of this by some verses in his new volume of poems, 'Lays of a Londoner' (London: Bogue. New York: Scribner & Welford), addressed to Lord Beaconsfield, and nauseatingly fulsome in their eulogy. The best of the verses in the collection are reprinted from *Punch* and may fairly be described as imitations of 'The Song of the Shirt,' and 'The Cry of the Children.' They are good enough journalistic verses.

FRENCH NOTES.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JUNG has published the first two volumes of the 'Mémoires de Lucien Bonaparte' (Paris: Charpentier), a work anxiously expected since the publication of 'Bonaparte et son Temps,' by the same author. Its history is curious. When Lucien Bonaparte in 1840 died of the same disease that carried off the great Napoleon, his brother, he was understood to have left important papers behind him. In 1855 the testamentary executor of the Princess Alexandrine Bonaparte handed five manuscripts to M. Baude, who was attached to the French embassy at Rome. Knowing that they contained many letters of the imperial family, Napoleon III. demanded that these papers should be entrusted to him, but the keeper of the archives, foreseeing their fate, sent only a portion to the Emperor, and marked the rest 'Mémoires de Lucien Bonaparte: already published in 1836.' Through this happy device they were left intact, and M. Jung now gives them to the public. They throw many side-lights on the famous people of French history.

The novelists have been busy of late. Adolphe Belot has added 'La Bouche de Madame X.' (Paris: Dentu) to the series of pathological romances for which he whetted the popular taste with 'Mlle. Giraud, ma Femme.'—Ernest Daudet attacks the monks in his romance, 'Défroqué' (Paris: Plon), which opens on a Good Friday in the Palace of the Tuilleries, and ends in a monastery on the Sardinian coast.—Champfleury, the veteran, has another study of the *bourgeoisie* in 'Fanny Minoret' (Dentu);—and those pushing young authors MM. Sirven and Leverdier, the James Rice and Walter Besant of French fiction, have put forth still another romance 'Un Drame au Couvent' (Paris: Rouff), taking sides with the church rather than with the government.—M. Catulle Mendès, who is capable of good work in the line of idyllic poetry, has written a sensational romance, possessing what the French call 'une modernité singulière,' and called 'Monstres Parisiens' (Dentu).

Of more serious books the place of honor is occupied by 'Discours et Mélanges Politiques' (Paris: Plon), in which the venerable Academician, M. de Falloux, appears in his old character as an ardent monarchist, fighting for the Pope, attacking lay instruction, and breaking lances in behalf of the supremacy of the clergy.—Guillaume, the publisher, has put out a second edition of Paul Leroy Beaulieu's important work, 'La Colonisation chez les Peuples Modernes,' with additions referring to Algeria and Australia.—The second volume of 'Les Deux Masques,' by the late M. Paul de Saint Victor, is a brilliant study of Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Calidasa.—'Les Egyptes' (Paris: Lemerre), by M. Fontane, the Secretary of the Suez canal company, is particularly timely during the present crisis, and has been presented to the Academy of Sciences by M. de Lesseps.—M. Henri Welshinger publishes a curious literary work, 'La Censure sous le Premier Empire' (Paris: Charavay), throwing new light on Benjamin Constant, Châteaubriand, and Mme. de Staël;—and Arsène Houssaye publishes an *édition de luxe* of his book 'L'Histoire du 41me Fauteuil' (Dentu), the history of those writers who were never received into the Academy, and who include in their number Descartes, Pascal, Scarron, Molière, La Rochefoucault, Bayle, Le Sage, Rousseau, Diderot, Beaumarchais, Champfort, Balzac, Béranger, Dumas, père, Théo. Gautier, and Paul de Saint Victor.

The last number of *Le Livre*, for June-July (New York: Bouton), publishes one of Champfleury's sketches of Bohemian life, illustrating the career of Charles Nodier, a dramatist of no weight; and continues Bibliophile Jacob's posthumous history of his relations with Balzac. It has also a rare portrait of Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, the prince of libertines, whose memoirs Carlyle sought through all the libraries of Europe.—The library of Mariette Bey has been purchased by the French government.

A change seems to be coming over the French people. They are beginning to read. Ten years ago it was considered wonderful when a book got into its tenth edition. Now one of M. Zola's works is in its 116th, and another in its 96th. M. Daudet's 'Numa Roumestan,' in six months or seven, is in its 55th edition, and M. Ludovic Halévy's delightful Franco-American novel—'L'abbé Constantin'—has, in ten weeks, run through twenty editions. M. Jules Claretie's strong story of modern Parisian political life, 'M. le Ministre,' of which a mangled mistranslation has been published in Philadelphia—first appeared about nine months ago, and has now got into its forty-fifth edition. In France, it may be well to say, an edition means a few more than a thousand copies.

GERMAN NOTES.

Few German poets have so touched the heart of the masses as Ferdinand Freiligrath. He has written some very gushing nonsense and has used some of the most bewildering metaphors. But he has also written many beautiful verses, touching mostly what is dearest to the German mind—the beauties of the fatherland, with its dark forests and noble rivers—the green Rhine, and the golden wine that comes from its fertile banks. Hundreds of Freiligrath's patriotic songs have passed among the people and are household

words wherever the German tongue is heard. Herr Wilhelm Buchner, the son of one of the poet's life-long friends, has just published the poet's life in two stout octavo volumes. The facts are principally taken from letters in the author's possession, and we see Freiligrath in this book as he appears in his works: a man of rare devotion and self-sacrifice, a hard worker for the support of himself and his large family, incapable even of suspecting meanness and selfishness in others. A martyr to the cause of freedom, he lived an exile in London for eighteen weary years. To this long sojourn we owe some admirable translations into German of a large number of Burns's, Scott's, Wordsworth's, Shelley's, and others' poems. His own poems have been translated into English by his daughter, Kate, who is still a resident of London.

An interesting contribution to the history of the exploration of the Dark Continent, 'Die Geographische Erforschung des Afrikanischen Continents,' by Dr. Panlitschke, a well-known African traveller, has just been published in Vienna. The author goes over the whole field of African travel from the earliest times to Stanley's, Cameron's, and Pinto's expeditions. The work will be a valuable compendium for travellers and geographers.—Three important contributions to Homeric literature have been published in Hanover. Two of them, one on the origin of the Homeric poems and another on their language, are purely critical; the third is a new translation with many new readings.—The works of Frederick the Great of Prussia were published some twelve or fifteen years ago in twenty portly quarto volumes, containing his correspondence, military works, poetry, and philosophical writings. Adolph Menzel, the artist, has just published two hundred illustrations of the text. They have been cut in wood by the best German engravers, and, with the accompanying text, bound in four handsome folios. In respect of illustrations, printing, paper, and binding, these volumes are among the handsomest ever published in Germany.—Professor Mommsen, the eminent historian of Rome, has recently been acquitted of a charge of insulting Prince Bismarck.

ITALIAN NOTES.

In the serious Italian literature of the fortnight, the post of honor belongs to Signor Benedetto Manzoni's biography of Count Maffei di Lisio (Turin: Loescher). Maffei di Lisio, born in 1791, took an important part in the events which made Piedmont a constitutional kingdom, relieved her of her function as the sentinel of the Alps to make her the representative of the whole of Italy, and finally brought a dynasty from Turin to set it on the throne at Rome.

Archæologists have been interested in Carlo Falletti-Fossati's learned treatise on 'The Customs of Siena in the Second Half of the XIVth Century' (Siena: Bargellini), in which the reader finds himself among those personages whom Sardou tried to put on the stage in his drama, 'La Haine.'

Professor Magliani's 'Introduction to the Study of Literature' (Naples: Morano); Angelo de Gubernatis's clerical treatise, 'Eustachio Degola' (Florence: Barbera); posthumous poems by Ugo Frénon (Leghorn: Sardi), and by Paolo Bettini (Milan: Gattinoni); occasional poems, written for the celebration of the Sicilian Vespers (Scicli: Perallo); an excellent biography of Felice Romani and the musicians of his time, by Emilia Branca (Turin: Loescher)—these are among the works which mark the activity of Italian authors and publishers.—A complete edition of the prose works of the poet Giosuè Carducci is announced.

Science

"Insect Variety."*

UNDER the caption 'Insect Variety,' Mr. A. H. Swinton, 'Member of the Entomological Society of London,' has essayed to collect data on a number of subjects which are specified on his elaborate title-page. In a first chapter he discusses what he calls the 'metaphysical incentives to reproduction and distribution,' etc.; in four succeeding ones, 'display and dances,' 'instrumental music,' and 'wing-beating and vocal music,' considered as 'material agents in reproduction and distribution'; in a sixth, 'the organ of hearing in Insecta'; and, in the final chapter, 'the foregoing phenomena supplemented by migration, which induces variation and natural selection.' In appendices to several chapters are given tabular views of the insects manifesting characteristics discussed in the preceding chapters. The information conveyed is often curious, and much of it is brought together for the first time in a form to attract the general reader. The work is, however, very far from being exhaustive, and it is not infrequently marred by misunderstanding and imperfect knowledge. The conclusions deduced from the facts are also sometimes quite illogical. The many propositions enunciated cannot be traversed or even

* Insect Variety: its Propagation and Distribution. By A. H. Swinton. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, etc.

referred to. Some of the faults may be cited, however, as illustrative. In the last chapter, after recapitulating certain facts and their bearing on classification, the author infers that:

'The presence of auditory organs and well-developed eyes then places the genera of grasshoppers and crickets representing the orthoptera saltatoria first in the list. These would be followed by homoptera, represented by the genera of cicadæ, which have the auditory organs greatly developed in the males, but with whom sight appears less potent. Next to these appear to rank the moths of the nocturna bombycina and a few of the geometrina which have complex auditory organs and may be taken to represent the nocturna of the lepidoptera. The diurna do not appear to have any great power of hearing, but they all possess excellent optic organs and sharp sight. After the orthoptera, hemiptera, homoptera, and lepidoptera would follow the coleoptera,' etc. 'These deductions are in harmony with an exposition of Newman's table from left to right, thus:

1 Orthoptera	2* Neuroptera	1 Hemiptera
2 Coleoptera	3 Lepidoptera	2 Diptera
3 Hymenoptera		

* Insects, there is a presumption, originated in neuroptera.'

Such are his farewell words. The 'presumption' in using such data for determining the question of the origin of insects is only equalled by the want of appreciation or knowledge of the elementary principles of scientific biology which is manifested in the entire paragraph quoted. The development of the organs of the senses is notoriously related to the habits of the animal, and forms otherwise closely allied are distinguished by extremes in the development of such parts, as in the cave and subterranean insects contrasted with certain of their near of kin. The 'orthoptera saltatoria,' be it remembered, are especially represented by cave-inhabiting species with imperfect vision or entirely blind. Moreover, it is a fundamental principle of scientific taxonomy that such adaptations are not only of minor value, but untrustworthy and of suspicious purport.

In this connection, it may be added that the author's views on the seat of audition in various insects will scarcely stand criticism. The terminology is sometimes improper, as when the name of 'eustachian tube' is applied (p. 247, pl. iv., fig. 6) to a certain structure in a moth. Remarkable uses of English, or at least of anglicized words, occur; for instance, it is said that the 'music of some [insects] may be synthetically studied by means of the vivarium or aquarium, but that of others, as grasshoppers, must be observed *sub divo*.' It might at first seem that 'synthetically' is simply used in the sense of in confinement, but later on the author would give us to infer that he meant when 'boxed together' (p. 230). Hermaphroditism (union of the sexes in one individual) is also used in the sense of gynandromorphism (superficial manifestation of sexual characteristics), when it is said 'that hermaphroditism, where the two halves of the insect on either side of the median line represent the opposite sexes, is frequent and is found in all orders; or, again, the two halves may represent type and variety' (page 313). Frequently strange and even ludicrous contrasts occur in the nomenclature employed. On the one hand, birds are called 'Aves,' insects 'Insecta,' crustaceans, 'Crustacea,' etc., although even in a treatise addressed to the scientific public exclusively the English terms would be employed ninety-nine times in a hundred. On the other hand, the brachelytrous beetles are designated as 'short elytras,' the longicorn as 'long horns,' and certain small lepidoptera as 'vapourers.' We have, too, the names of 'Swift' (p. 288) and 'Elephant'—smaller elephant—given to moths. Such names, it is true, are current among special students, or rather collectors, of lepidoptera in England, but the custom of using them is a concession to, or manifestation of, ignorance which should not find expression in scientific literature. The incongruity of employing such words in a work in which large groups universally known by their English names are habitually presented in Latin nomenclature is evident. Typographical errors, although apparently inevitable in scientific works, are altogether too numerous. Of the many that the reader must discover, 'cincindela' for cincinnati (p. 44), 'mymica' for myrmica (p. 49), 'grophilus' for geophilus (p. 101), 'platyonchus bipustulosus' for platyonchus bipustulosus (p. 193), and 'unis' for unio (p. 269), may be cited as examples.

It is thus evident that Mr. Swinton's volume is carelessly got up and often misleading; yet, if consulted with caution, it may be of use.

The Archaeological Institute.

THE handsomely published volume containing the report of the first year's work of the Archaeological Institute Expedition at Assos, in Asia Minor, shows how much has been accomplished in the investigation of architectural monuments and the discovery of sculptural inscriptions and remains. The work of the Expedition is shown to be systematic, intelligent, and thoroughly scientific and honest. In the report signed by Mr. Joseph Thacher Clarke will be found a full description, accompanied by many plates. We remark at pages 108-109 that some doubts are raised as to the identification of the fragmentary figure which accompanies Hercules as seen on the relief representing the demi-god combatting the centaurs (plate 15). Mr. Clarke proposes to see in this figure Tolaos, the companion of Hercules, and, although the figure holds a cup as the

centaur Pholos is described by Stesichoros as holding one, Mr. Clarke prefers to see in it the representation of Tolaos. 'It is hardly possible,' he says, 'that the body of a horse could have found room upon the left of the epistyle relief.' We should like to suggest that this theory ought not to be accepted too hastily, for we see by the report that the representations of centaurs already found in this temple of Assos are of two different kinds, viz.: (1) the full body of a man supplemented by the posterior part of a horse, thus showing two human legs and two horse's legs; (2) the bust alone of a man attached to the body of a horse, therefore with four horse's legs. We believe that there are other representations, now referred to centaurs, showing the full body of a man with the addition of the horse's tail alone, and we should not be astonished to find Pholos thus represented at such an early period, to distinguish him from the other centaurs.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The investigations of the Expedition at Assos continue to yield results of interest. On the Acropolis, another large block of the sculptured epistyle of the temple has been discovered. Upon this block are represented four centaurs, in an excellent state of preservation. Those of the large block discovered last year (plate 15 in the report) present the most noteworthy example yet discovered of the very archaic type of the centaur which consists of the complete body of a man to which are awkwardly attached the body and hind-legs of a horse. The only other examples known in sculpture of centaurs with human forelegs are two small archaic bronzes. Mr. W. H. Goodyear, Curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has, however, just written to the President of the Institute that among the Cypriote antiquities in the Museum is a terra-cotta figurine of a centaur of this archaic type. This is not at present on public exhibition. Pausanias describes similar centaurs upon the famous chest of Kypselos; and the type is met with less rarely upon black-figured painted vases, and upon engraved gems. The centaurs found last month at Assos, however, like those preserved among the Assos sculptures in Paris, are of the usual more highly developed type in which the horse's body retains its four legs, and is surmounted by the upper half of a human body. All these sculptures from the temple at Assos are of the same carefully finished but archaic workmanship, and are incontestably of the same date. The existence upon the same building of both types of the centaur, carved at the same time, though probably by different sculptors, is a most interesting example of the gradual change which affected Hellenic conceptions as the refinement and artistic feeling of the race advanced. Mr. Clarke announces the discovery of a second standard of liquid measure, smaller and with fewer divisions than that found last year. From a careful comparison of these two standards, and from interpretation of both in connection with the information given by an important inscription, just found, which contains regulations concerning the management of the agora and concerning the legal weights and measures, he deduces the opinion that the Assyrians used a metric system of weights and measures. We are not as yet, however, in possession of sufficient information to speak positively upon this question. The whole subject will be treated in detail in the next report.—The exploration of the Street of Tombs is being carried on with vigor. It was thought at first that the beautiful sculptured sarcophagus, illustrated in plate 34 of the Assos report, rested upon a low base projecting far enough to form a seat. The excavations have now been carried down to the ancient pavement of the street, and it is found that the sarcophagus is raised on a lofty pedestal, so that it forms a truly imposing monument, and is one of the most important discoveries made by the expedition.

THOMAS W. LUDLOW.

COTTAGE LAWN, YONKERS, N. Y., 22 June, 1882.

Scientific Notes.

'POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS,' Part V. of Herbert Spencer's 'Principles of Sociology,' will be published by the Appletons this month.

Mr. Darwin, writing to Prof. John Fiske, of Cornell, after reading 'Cosmic Philosophy,' wrote: 'I never in my life read so lucid an expositor (and therefore thinker) as you are.'

The relationships and species of the tapirs have been quite misrepresented in paragraphs and articles going the rounds of the periodical press lately, apropos of the birth of one in the Zoological Gardens, London. The tapirs are not at all intermediate between the elephant and the hog and rhinoceros, and the snout is entirely unlike the elephant's trunk. In truth, they are related to the rhinoceroses and horse-like animals, and together with them form a peculiar 'sub-order,' called Perissodactyles, which contrasts with another sub-order, called Artiodactyles, which comprises the hogs and hippopotamus, together with the cattle, deer, etc. These two 'sub-orders' constitute the 'order' of Ungulates, or hoofed mammals, while the elephant represents another 'order'—the Proboscideans. A little acquaintance with the structure and extinct types of

the group would readily convince any one that such are the true relationships, in spite of the remarkable differences in external appearance. The known species of tapirs are five in number, *viz.*: (1) the common American tapir (*Tapirus terrestris*), (2) the Andean tapir (*Tapirus pinchaque*), (3) the Sumatran tapir (*Hydrochoerus indicus*), (4) the Central American tapir (*Elasmognathus Bairdii*), and (5) the Guatemalan tapir (*Elasmognathus Dowii*). The nursing of the Zoölogical Gardens was born Feb. 12, and was a hybrid, its mother being the common tapir and its father the smaller black Andean tapir. The period of gestation was fourteen months. A good figure of the mother and young was reproduced in the *Scientific American* of April 8, from the *Illustrated London News*.

The Fine Arts

Hamerton's "The Graphic Arts."*

MR. HAMERTON is a very voluminous writer on the fine arts, and it is pleasant to note that instead of writing himself out he appears to widen in sympathies with increase of experience. Although 'The Graphic Arts' forms a kind of manual, the arrangement of the material and many incidental passages in which generalizations occur mark a continued progress in his views. Not only has he new and pertinent things to say about the several vehicles of graphic expression, but he marshals them on a plan and looks at them as a whole. If it cannot be said that he has fully succeeded in proving 'a morphology of processes which has never been traced' and which he desires to trace, we should still be grateful for his effort in that direction, and give him what measure of praise his suggestions deserve. He has tried to point out in what limits, fixed by the nature of the material and the process, these arts of design interpret nature and express human thought and emotion. And in so doing he displays commendable wideness of thought, insisting always on the narrowness of underrating a process because it does not fulfil all the ends of a medium of expression. As the art-critic is likely to discover good qualities in work that is in many points bad, so Mr. Hamerton identifies himself for the time being with etchers, engravers, painters, with handlers of pencil, charcoal, and pastel, with lithographers and water-colorists, and with the users of silver-point, chalk, sanguine, tempera, Indian ink. As he closes each little essay he occupies himself with the question how that particular method succeeds in rendering nature, and thus returns in thought to the general plan of his volume. To him all the arts have an equal interest, 'for when there are large means and powers, the wise employment of them is the difficulty; and when there are smaller means, as in the poorer and more restricted arts, then the demand upon the mental resources both of the artist and the lover of art becomes all the greater.' And he closes by a confession which proves that he has at least one of the requisites for a good critic: 'If I had any preference as a critic for one art over another, I think perhaps it would be rather for an art in which the worker had done much with little, for then it seems as if mind were more and matter less in proportion.'

Very sensible and in accordance with this spirit are his remarks about waste of labor in illustrations. What use is there in the elaborate shading of pictures in the illustrated journals, for instance, when there is no gain of beauty or of clearness thereby? The hint given by French illustrators of the daily and weekly press has been heeded by Mr. Hamerton. Woodcuts in journals come under two categories, the useful and the artistic; it is waste of money to make the simply useful cuts look as if they were artistic. Again, if simple statement of fact in illustrations were appreciated, almost any journal might insert simple illustrations of an explanatory nature. The truth of the former criticism must be acknowledged every time we open an American paper of the professedly illustrated kind, and of the latter when we see small and insignificant journals giving liveliness and point to their columns by the insertion of cheap but telling outline prints. Yet Mr. Hamerton still shows in connection with this very subject a trace of a singular phase of matter-of-fact which used to be much more noticeable in him than it is now. He almost convicts himself as posing for an apologist of what he calls the 'topographic landscape,' such as Seddon's 'Jerusalem, in the London National Gallery.' That such art should be denied the right of existence because it is not æsthetic, is as unreasonable as it would be to refuse paper and print to plain narratives of travel because they are not novels and poems. Mr. Hamerton, in his frequent discursions in favor of 'veracity,' retains the old touch of fustiness, of common-place. He is mixing things. Because it is useful a painting is not necessarily the less inartistic, and if it claims to be artistic its usefulness cannot help it. The likening of useful but inartistic pictures to volumes of travel belongs to a confusion of thought which is seen in several places in this excellent book. Mr. Hamerton is not wrong in his central thought, that the

'literary' view of art is apt to be one-sided, and that in the graphic arts 'you cannot get rid of matter'; yet his putting of the relation between literature and art is confusing. 'The modern French sect of Impressionists,' he says further on, 'have tried in spite of ridicule to carry their theory out in practice. It is practicable, but only in sketches, not in large and labored pictures.' This, taken in connection with Mr. Hamerton's avowed partiality for quick and labor-saving work, must be hailed as a great advance on his part. In two instances he surprises the reader by his own surprise. Once (p. 157) where he finds the history of charcoal-drawing surprising. His own explanation of the comparatively modern changes from classic to picturesque line, and from line-drawing to space-drawing, might seem to have forced the reason on him. Again, he does not know in regard to Indian ink why this substance should be called 'Indian,' as the best of it comes from China. We also call Chinese paper Indian paper. Perhaps in the latter case Mr. Hamerton is less 'veracious' than usual, and is willing to have it understood that he knows well enough the origin of this common error in the terms for articles imported from China by way of India. At any rate these faults, if faults they be, are grotesquely small compared to the many solid virtues of his book. Were the expression not too hackneyed it might be said that the volume is 'indispensable' to the art-student, whether by diploma or brevet. A very handsome testimony to the advance in American wood-engraving, as illustrated in *Scribner's Magazine* (*The Century*) and *Harper's Monthly*, will be found in the appropriate chapter.

"The Metropolitan Museum of Art."*

A QUARTO pamphlet of 32 pages appears instead of the elaborate work on the Cesnola collection which was promised last year. It is in the nature of an illustrated guide-book to the objects shown at present at the Museum, although it takes only typical pieces for comment and reproduction, and although, since it was written, changes have been made which leave some of the pages without meaning. In the limited field of a guide-book it is not without merit, being unpretentious and generally cautious in statement. That Major di Cesnola is an archaeologist no one nowadays supposes. Any idea of that kind was set at rest by the book describing his excavations in Cyprus, where the vigorous and often unscrupulous digger for buried treasures tells his own story to the amazement of slow-witted mortals, and not a little to the horror of serious and learned archaeologists. The sketch of the objects in the Metropolitan is just what might be expected from the pen of the gallant *sabreur* of the Rebellion, and the indefatigable American Consul at Cyprus. It is practical and sufficiently concise, quick enough to incorporate recent ideas in archaeology, enunciated by (for instance) that in-no-way-remarkable archaeologist, Mr. Murray, of the British Museum, and absolutely silent regarding the grave charges that have been brought against the manager by a most accomplished professional archaeologist, by a young American archaeologist lately connected with the Metropolitan, and by various subordinates also in the employ of the Museum. Major di Cesnola fully believes in whitewash. He applies it in this pamphlet to the unpleasant subject now torturing various gentlemen who have posed for art amateurs and patrons before a careless public. It is not surprising, when one considers the practise he gained in whitewashing bad statues and sarcophagi. There is a fund of naïveté in all this which is eminently Italian. The ordinary Italian believes in progress; he accepts the god Cleanliness from the Anglo-Saxon—that modern man of push who evolves no higher god from his earthly mind. He detests old things. Hence his abnormal haste to reconstruct, renovate, and paint up the things in Italy most dear to the traveller. He scrapes and renews St. Mark's, and would like to cover the best of the old frescoes with fire-bright stencil-work. At the bottom of the quarrel about the Cesnola antiquities lies this trait from which the manager can no more escape than from his Italian accent and brusque cavalryman address. But meantime the loans to the Museum which, in an imaginative vein, the doughty Major calls 'innumerable,' are very far from being that. 'In the Central Hall are the loan collections in numerous cases, which perhaps break up some little the general effect.' Neither loans nor gifts to the Museum are what they might be, had the public more confidence in the present management. And were a competent archaeologist in charge, instead of a shrewd and wire-pulling vendor of antiquities, the Museum might, indeed, become what Major Cesnola appears very rightly to think it ought to be, viz: 'that higher college of Art, where students are to obtain a better acquaintance with what is really grand and classic.' But to that end the first need is that the managers should perceive that the wrong man is in charge, that they have made the mistake of putting an explorer and excavator at work for which he is incompetent. It is like inviting Stanley to found theories on his discoveries, and work out the scientific results of his facts. Mr. Cesnola only does his own fame and the cause

* The Graphic Arts. By P. G. Hamerton. \$s. Boston: Roberts.

* Edited by L. P. di Cesnola. Illustrated by Geo. Gibson. New York: Appleton.

of the Metropolitan infinite harm in trying to occupy a place for which neither temperament nor education have adapted him.

THE ARUNDEL CHROMOS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I have read your articles on the Astor Library and the Museum of Art with great interest. I am at present occupied in teaching, but I cannot get books to refer to, or plaster casts of the great sculptures of the world. I wish you would suggest to the Museum authorities the making of a collection of casts from the antique. They might at least be induced to buy a complete set of the Arundel chromos, which cost little but are invaluable to art students.

NEW YORK, June 20, 1882.

L. I. P.

Art Notes.

THE coins and medals belonging to the late C. I. Bushnell, sold by Messrs. Bangs & Co. last week, fetched \$13,901.

M. B. Odenheimer Fowler was awarded the prize of \$500 at the Sinclair Card Competition, in Philadelphia. There were more than one hundred competitors.

The most interesting paper in the current *Magazine of Art* is Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's study of Prof. Legros. Mr. Austin Dobson's 'Two Painters' is a graceful art fable of Queen Anne's time.

The *Portfolio* for June is more interesting to the general reader than usual. It contains three full-page etchings: a view in the Dutch town of Dort, by Ernest George; an inky-looking view of Kirkstall Abbey, by A. Brunet-Debaines; and 'The Return of the Flock,' after Paul Vayson, by A. Durand.

An interesting souvenir of the Jeannette expedition has been issued by J. C. Morison & Co.—a photograph of the ill-starred vessel, surrounded by portrait-heads of her leading line and staff officers. The likenesses are all accurate, and as the artotype process was used in reproducing them, they are indelible.

The drawings, sketches, etc., of the late Dante Rossetti will not be sold until next year. His *bric-à-brac* and other properties will be disposed of very soon from his house, 16 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London. Among Mr. Rossetti's books is a ms. copy of Blake's poems, the pages covered with designs of various sorts, portraits of Blake and his wife, and sketches for the 'Gates of Paradise,' with others that have never been reproduced.

Part VII. of American Etchings is a portrait of Longfellow, from the burin of Mr. Wm. M. Chase. A novel and somewhat ghostly effect is produced by the strong relief of the gray head on a dark background. The picture is interesting, though not altogether satisfactory. Part VIII. of the same series is a scene on the shore of Skaneateles Lake, N. Y., by Mr. A. F. Bellows, who has only of late years devoted much of his time to etching. The drawing is pretty in itself and very well brought out.

The Drama

Two celebrated beauties are to appear on our boards during the coming season. One is Mrs. Langtry, the other Mme. Théo. Women are more likely to concern themselves with the charms of Mrs. Langtry, men with the graces of Mme. Théo.

Mrs. Langtry's photograph is tolerably familiar to us all. Her heavy, somnolent, placid features, with eyes calm as a lake, have nothing in common with the American type of comeliness. We prefer vivacity of mien and sprightliness of look. Our ox-eyed Junos, our Fanny Davenports, command a certain esteem and admiration; but they never exerted over the heart of man the sway that was wielded by more dashing charmers—by Adelaide Neilson, or Patti in her prime. And there is no reason to believe that Mrs. Langtry has half the fascinations of the pretty barmaid who came to be accepted as the best Rosalind on the stage; or of the divine singer whom the fairies endowed with almost every gift of voice and feature, and whom the world has petted till it warped her nature. As a beauty, Mrs. Langtry will, we fancy, disappoint expectation.

From a social point of view she will still excite curiosity. She is known to have been on intimate terms with the great ones of the earth. There are drawing-rooms in London from which even the audacious Thackeray, the Paul Pry of fiction, shrank in dismay. They are guarded, he tells us, by gorgeous footmen, who strike terror into the beholders, and the humble reporter who sits at the gate taking down the names of the guests is said to die young, shrivelled up by the awe of the presence in which he pursues his avocation. Across this sacred threshold Mrs. Langtry is believed to have passed. Coming in simple maidenhood from her distant island, she was received by dukes and caressed by dowager duchesses. The wife of a plain man of business, she was invited to the waltz by the Prince of Wales. Yes; there is no doubt of it; she has waltzed with the Prince of Wales. We know not at which of our theatres she will appear; it may be the stately Booth's, or it may be the diminutive Park; but

this we know, that its boards will be henceforth hallowed, and that, like a delicious perfume, the tradition will linger round them that they have been trodden by one who has waltzed with the Prince of Wales.

How, being throned on high, came Mrs. Langtry to stoop to the theatre? Her good looks had long, of her own volition, been public property. Her photographs were displayed in every attitude, with Miss Connie Gilchrist on one side, and Miss Florence St. John on the other. Correspondents of small newspapers invented filthy stories about her, members of petty clubs made her the butt of their foul jokes. To convict a scurrilous journalist, a modern Anthony Pasquin, she had to stand in a witness-box and swear that she was an honest woman. Wherever she went—to ball or garden-party—she knew that venomous tongues were whispering innuendoes picked up from some blackguard society paper. One can readily understand that she would thus become reckless. She might have retired to the solitude of Jersey and sought to be forgotten. Or again she might have thought of profiting by her notoriety. English critics love to consider this as an American weakness. They make it a reproach that our murderers, when pardoned, become lecturers, and that our adulteresses, when divorced, take to the stage. But American ideas are leavening English society pretty rapidly, and Mr. Henry Labouchere, whose wife is Mrs. Langtry's warm friend, both admires and promulgates them.

By the advice, then, of Mrs. Labouchere, who once charmed playgoers under the name of Henrietta Hodson, Mrs. Langtry got ready to appear on the stage. Her first appearance, after posing in some *tableaux vivants*, was at the Townhall of Twickenham, where the Laboucheres had a country-house. The play was 'A Delicate Encounter.' Mr. Labouchere himself is the historian of the event. 'Mrs. Langtry,' says that professional cynic, 'came forward arrayed in an unpretending pink dress; and with her arms full of flowers, she sat down at a table, and then proceeded to act as though instead of this being the first time she had ever essayed her skill on a stage, she had been playing lively young widows and other such parts to critical audiences from her earliest childhood. Her elocution was singularly clear, and her gestures and by-play perfect. I was never more surprised in my life.' Coming from a critic ordinarily so bitter, this verdict made a great sensation. Mrs. Langtry's admirers spread it everywhere, and in a very short while she was appearing in a performance of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and then began her professional career as Blanche Haye in Robertson's comedy of 'Ours.'

Robertson's style suited her. It was Mr. Robertson's mission, as he imagined, to interpret the ways of society to the vulgar. He did not, indeed, know much about society. He had never entered the august portals from which Thackeray recoiled in awe. He did not frequent the better class of clubs, where Thackeray studied humanity. But he knew that guardsmen often talked with a drawl, and that lordlings were often persons of very small intellect, and that among persons of gentle birth cheap cynicism often passed for wit, and from these and similar bits of knowledge he constructed a species of drama which even Mr. Wallack believes to be a fair representation of London society. In such surroundings Mrs. Langtry shone. She had only to wear her clothes with dignity, and speak her inanities with grace, and every critic in England vowed she was a born actress. American opinion, we fancy, will treat her more severely. Good looks and good manners are something; good acting is rarely combined with them. We would not condemn till we have heard, but Mrs. Langtry seems to count on her notoriety rather than on her talent, and her visit will have the same unpleasant air of charlatanism which turned the tour of Mr. Oscar Wilde into a farce, and, we sincerely hope, into a failure.

MME. THÉO is of an altogether different type. She is a plump, round-faced, large-eyed little woman. Parisians think her more beautiful than Guido's Beatrice, and are ready to quarrel with any cold foreigner who is dull to her charms. She has no voice, and knows nothing of the delicate art of phrasing by which Déjazet in other days and Judic to-day have atoned for their vocal deficiencies. But her figure is particularly well-rounded; her *embonpoint* has a peculiar fascination for the average play-goer of Paris; and her husband is a tailor who knows how to make her dresses so that none of her physical advantages shall be lost.

Unlike Mrs. Langtry, Mme. Théo has had a long stage-training, and there is nothing whatever presumptuous in her appeal to American opinion of her merits. Her mother, a Madame Piccolo (see Ludovic Halévy's delightful sketches of Monsieur and Madame Cardinal), managed the Pavillon de l'Horloge, one of the summer concerts in the Champs Elysées, whence the exquisitely witty popular songs, such as 'Tant mieux pour elle,' in the past season, or 'M'a dit maman' in the present season, started on their rounds through the city. Mme. Théo, therefore, learnt from childhood how to sing. Offenbach noticed her and wrote 'La Jolie Parfumeuse' for her purposes. Had she known, like Mme. Judic, how to shade, how by pauses and nods and well-considered devices to introduce into a song a meaning which neither author nor composer

suspected, she would have made a great fame. As it was, she had to rely on her youth, her plumpness, and her tight dresses, and these having lost their charm in Paris, she is coming to show them to America. We shall be glad of a new face to enliven Mr. Grau's museum of opera-bouffe antiquities.

WHILE we are waiting for these stars to swim into our ken, the stars of the summer nights are fading one by one. Mr. Gus Williams' cheery face still looks out on us from the bill-boards. He has been playing at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in a play called 'One of the Finest.' It was known, some ten years ago, as 'Law in New York,' and met with success both here and in Boston. It is written by Mr. Joseph Bradford, a man of high gifts, which are now, we fear, 'like sweet bells jangled'; a man who, were he roused from day-dreams, might produce enduring work, but who, being a lot-eater, is content to be quoted as the author of 'Law in New York,' 'Our Bachelors,' and a farce called 'A. D. 1900,' played without success by Messrs. Robson and Crane. Through the first-named, as Mr. Williams plays it, there runs a stronger vein of humor than can be discovered in any recent American play. Mr. Williams, as John Mishler, a good-hearted, whiskey-loving, dull-witted German policeman, proves that his curious power of improvisation is as strong as ever. His readiness of repartee is unequalled. He has the faculty possessed by Mr. Nadab, who, it will be remembered, astonished Colonel Newcome at the Cave of Harmony by rapidly composing verses about everybody in the company. It is not a very valuable faculty, but it is rare, and it works as powerfully with an American gallery as it worked with Thackeray's simple old Indian dragoon.

Music

The Hungarian Gypsies.

THE most interesting music to be heard in New York at the present moment is that of the Hungarian Gypsies, at Koster & Bial's. It is such music as has not been heard here before. The band is small, numbering only about twelve pieces—violins, 'cello, double-bass, two reeds, and a cymbal. There is no classic grace about its performances; but a racy wildness that is delightful by contrast with the smoothness and accuracy of conventional forms. In operatic selections one hardly cares to hear these swarthy minstrels. It is in the *racoco* and the *csardas* that they excel. Their manner of playing is all their own. They have no rule but the nod of their leader. At a word from him they pass from one melody to another, now playing a slow and melancholy strain, again rushing along in a very devil's dance, until the hearer is as wildly excited as the band. Most of their melodies are played in a minor key, and even when their bows are flying at full speed, there is a prevailing sadness, a strange mingling of laughter and tears. One can easily find, in the music of

such a band, the inspiration of Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies. The materials from which they were constructed by the trained composer are all here.—The appearance of these Gypsies is in their favor. Uncouth, unshaven as they are, there is yet something very picturesque and pleasing in their dark skin, black eyes, and frowsy hair. Their costume is the undress uniform of the Hungarian soldier.—The cymbal, which we have spoken of as one of the pieces in the band, is a somewhat novel instrument, resembling the zither, but played with a bit of whalebone bound with raw silk. In concerted music it is effective, but not as a solo instrument in a large hall.

Musical Notes.

'PRINCESS PEARL,' Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, will be heard in the fall.

Miss Amy Fay's gossiping 'Music Study in Germany,' has been translated into German, and published by Robert Oppenheimer, at Berlin.

Mme. Christine Nilsson has been engaged for a concert tour in this country, beginning early in the fall. Mr. H. E. Abbey will be her manager. Negotiations are pending with Mme. Trebelli-Bettini and Signor Campanini. Signor del Puente has already been secured. It would be hard to form a stronger concert company, and Mr. Abbey deserves praise for surrounding his 'bright, particular star' with other stars of almost equal magnitude.

The latest volume of the Great Musicians Series, published by Messrs. Scribner & Welford, is devoted to 'English Church Composers' (No. 1), of whom Mr. Wm. Alex. Barrett, Vicar-Choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, writes much that is sufficiently interesting to lovers of music to render his book readable, and much more that may be of interest to English vicars-choral, organists, and choristers, but which we conceive to be of the slightest possible value to the rest of the world. It is, perhaps, hardly possible to overestimate the importance of some of the work of the earlier English musicians. Tallis, Bird, Purcell, and Gibbons were unquestionably not only men of talent but also excellent and scholarly musicians. Their compositions compare favorably with the best productions of the Italian and Flemish schools of their period, and (chiefly, however, because they were English) are likely to outlive much of the work of their continental contemporaries. The same may be said, perhaps, of some ten or twelve of the seventy-odd composers whose biographies Mr. Barrett has sketched in this little volume. The residue are precisely of the importance of the average organist who composes a little because he has the opportunity to have his works performed (by his own choir), and whose compositions are generally about as long-lived as their author. Nevertheless, Mr. Barrett has collected much information that will be welcome to musicians, the more especially as it is pleasantly set forth and comes from an undoubted authority on the subject.

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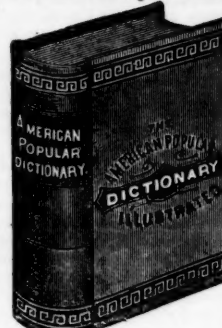
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